

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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SADIE AND HER DOLL.

"I SHALL be five years old to-morrow," said Sadie Roberts one night, as she got into her little crib to go to sleep; "I wonder if I shall get a present?"

"Perhaps you will," said her mother. "You must wait patiently until to-morrow comes; then you will know." Sadie lay awake for a while, thinking what she would like, and wondering what she would get, but at length fell asleep. Mrs. Roberts, before going to bed, went to the side of her little girl's crib, gave her a sweet kiss, and then laid beside her a large new doll. Sadie slept soundly until morning, and then awoke to find the doll where her mother had put it. What a joyful morning it was to her! There lay the beautiful doll with her eyes shut, but no sooner did Sadie raise her up than they opened wide, and Sadie exclaimed, "Oh, what pretty blue eyes!"

The doll's clothes had to be admired next. She had every article of dress, from a little pink hat to wear on her head, to little bronze boots to wear on her feet, and all were very pretty.

Sadie had enough to do that day to take care of her new doll. In the picture you see her sitting in her own little chair, holding her.

For the Dayspring.

THE ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

J.

'Tis not the first time we have met
A snag in our Insect Alphabet.
A snag in the river (I hardly need say)
Is something that stops a boat on its way;
And once or twice, as we floated along
So carelessly on the stream of song,
We stuck so fast that I doubted whether
We should not have to stop altogether.
We rubbed pretty hard at the letter I,
But at last we succeeded in scraping by;
And now, again, the letter J
Has caused us not a little delay.
And all the more, that when we had caught
The proper insect in our thought,
Another month we had to wait,
Because with us Spring comes so late
That what the poets call May-bugs, we
Call June-bugs (cockchafer properly).
We have JUNE-BUG, then, for the letter J,
But what of him shall we sing or say?
In many a warm, dark night of June,
When the stars were dim and there was no moon,
This blundering beetle, again and again,
Would bump against my window-pane,
And at last, with exulting buzz and boom,
Go bobbing up and down the room,
So fast and furious in his fun,
You'd have said there were fifty instead of one.
But was it fun? I rather guess
The poor, lost creature was in distress.
Whether it was that a friendly light
Had attracted him in from the dark of the night,
Or the buzz of conversation he heard
Made him want to put in his word,
I cannot tell, but again I guess
He was driven in by restlessness.
At any rate, either from hatred of light,
Or dazed and charmed with the brilliant sight,
Sometimes, as the blunderhead bungled about,
Pop! would go my candle out.
"Blind as a beetle," we sometimes say;
And are we not often as blind as they?
A careless man stumbles against a stone,
And, quite forgetting the fault was his own,
He kicks and curses in senseless wrath
The innocent thing for obstructing his path.

And may not this fault be laid to the charge
Of many children, both small and large?
We sometimes wonder at creatures so queer,
Why God should have made and placed
them here.

Well, LIFE is the same mysterious thing,
Moving by foot or fin or wing;
To man and to smallest insect no less,
Life opens a fountain of happiness.
But the world is one great school likewise
To all who walk through it with open eyes.
And many a lesson, plainer than speech,
The creatures that cannot talk, can teach.
While the prudent Ant and the busy Bee
Give lessons in forethought and industry,
The bungling Beetle bids us beware
Of running blindly into a snare.

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

TOMMY TORMENT AND THE FLY.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.



HERE was once a boy named
Tom. Perhaps you don't
think that very wonderful,
because you have known
many boys of that name.

Well, then, you will the more easily remember that there was once a boy named Tom. And I am afraid Tom was rather a cruel boy; that is, he often did cruel things; though after all it arose more from thoughtlessness than from cruelty of disposition. But then we know that

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

He would catch a fly, and, having pulled off its wings, could feel amused at seeing the poor little thing, that should have been sailing through the free air, crawling in pain across the table. He would run a pin through the body of a beetle, or cut off the legs of a frog, and rejoice at seeing how hard they found it to get along under the infliction. And yet I don't believe he ever

thought about the pain he was causing. He saw nothing in it but amusement. Perhaps he had never read the fable of the boys and the frogs, when the frogs told the boys "What may be *fun* to you is *death* to us."

Now, one day in the summer, Master Tom had been amusing himself in the usual way, and at length, getting tired, had laid himself down; determined to go to sleep. But the flies teased him a good deal, and he could not get to sleep for a long time. In fact, over and over again he got up, vowing vengeance against the flies; killed some, and chased as many as he could out of the room. After he had done this till he was tired, he lay down, fell into an uneasy sort of sleep, and began to dream.

Now you know, when dreaming you think you are wide awake; and whilst the most wonderful things seem to happen to you, they all come in quite a natural way. Tom thought he was wide awake; and he was very much astonished when he saw a large fly coming towards him; and, as the fly got nearer, Tom saw that he was just about as big as himself. Whilst he was wondering where such a big fellow could have come from, the fly opened his mouth; and Tom was not a little afraid when he saw the extraordinary tongue that was pushed out; nor were his fears any less when the fly called out in a loud voice, looking at Tom at the same time,

"Little Tommy Torment
Did very cruel things:
He caught the flies to play with,
And then pulled off their wings!"

"Please, sir, I didn't mean any harm," said Tom.

"But how cruel!" said the fly.

"Why, surely it didn't hurt you," said Tom, as he thought he noticed a sort of tender tone in the fly's voice.

"Not hurt us! How would you like some great giant to catch you, and tear off your arms? Wouldn't that hurt you?" said the fly.

"I never thought of it in that way," said Tom.

"Now, Tom," said the fly, "I believe you. Though you have been a cruel boy, it has just come from the fact that you did not think. You have always been truthful; and when a boy is honest and truthful, there is always great hope for him. And so I have come to try and make you think. Very often boys don't think because they have never been taught *how* to think. Now I'm going to teach you how to think about a fly."

"That's a very little thing to think about," said Tom.

"Wait till you know more about it, and then give an opinion. Sit down and listen to me. Did you ever see a fly like me before?"

"Never. For flies are generally so small, and don't look a bit like you."

"It is true that they are smaller than I seem to you to be, but they are just like me, nevertheless. Put your hands behind you. There now; you must not move till I have done. If you could see your face you would hardly know yourself; for you have a very queer-looking thing sticking to your eye—a long brass tube—and it is by looking through this tube that you think I am so large. It is called a microscope; and it enables you to see every bit of me quite plainly, just as if I was several hundred times as large as I am."

"Dear me!" said Tom.

"Don't interrupt me," said the fly. Now, in the first place, you have generally given your unkidn attentions to our wings. Let us begin, then, by asking you to look at my wings. Do you see how light and

gauzy they are? Look at these strong muscles, over which the wings are stretched, without a crease, and which enable me to move them faster than you can think. Why, when I am flying, I move them six hundred times in a second, which will carry me five yards; and if I am in a great hurry, I can fly thirty-five feet in a second, which is about twenty-three miles an hour. You don't think that much. It is sixteen hundred times my own length each second; and if you are five feet high, and go as fast in proportion, you would go at the rate of over five thousand miles an hour. Is not that pretty good? Do you notice how beautifully the light falls upon my wings, which reflect all the colors of the rainbow? Can you fly, Tom?"

"No, indeed, I can't."

"Did you ever know a boy who could?"

"No. I have read about flying-machines, but it seems to me none of them were very successful."

"Very true. No man has yet been able to make a machine that would carry his body through the air, in any direction in which he wanted to go. Even the cleverest man who has tried it (and many *have* tried) has not been able to do it. Now look at *my* flying-machine. How beautiful and how perfect it is. And yet how wickedly you sometimes destroy it"

"I'll never do it again," said Tom. "But who made it for you?"

"What makes you think I didn't make it myself? Surely you think I did."

Tom shook his head.

"I'm very glad to find you don't think so," said the fly. "However we'll answer your question presently. Now, Tom, you're a good runner. Try if you can follow me."

Tom was delighted to try, and started off in great glee. But the fly ran up the wall,

and in an instant was scampering across the ceiling. "Come on!" said he to Tom.

"I can't"

"Why not?"

"I can't run up the wall and over the ceiling, as you can!"

"Why, only a little while ago, you seemed to think a fly was a poor kind of a creature; and yet we can fly, and we can run over the ceiling, and you cannot."

"I have no wings," said Tom.

"But you have feet," replied the fly; "and very useless feet they must be if they cannot run up the wall. Why, look at mine." And then he extended one of his feet for Tom to examine. "Here, you see, are two strong claws, something like pussy's; and these I use when I want to run up the curtain, or over your jacket. But these would not help me much when I wanted to run up the wall, or over the ceiling. I then draw back my claws, as pussy does hers, and bring into use these things, which, you see, look something like small sheets of parchment, covered with numerous hairs very beautifully made, each being a hollow tube, with a sort of cup at the end. In placing these against the ceiling, I press out all the air that is under my foot, and send a little drop of water down each little hair, which as it spreads round the cup-like end, prevents the air getting in again; and so I walk on the ceiling."

"Why, that is very much the way in which I lift a stone with my leather sucker," said Tom. "And I suppose the water with which the sucker is wet prevents the air getting in round the edges."

"Exactly so," said the fly.

"But who made the suckers on your foot?" asked Tom.

"Don't you think they made themselves?" asked the fly.

"I hardly think it."

"And I hardly think it; but we will talk of that by-and-by."

The fly then turned his back upon Tom, and was walking away, when Tom thought of the microscope upon his eye; and it seemed to him a good time to take it down and examine it. But the moment he attempted to move his hands, the fly exclaimed, "What are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing," said Tom.

"But I saw you begin to move your hands."

"How could you see that, when your back was turned towards me?"

"Why, can't you see behind you?"

"No, indeed, I can't."

"What poor, helpless creatures you boys are!" said the fly. "I can see before, and behind, and around me, in all directions at the same time. Some of my eyes look one way, and some another."

"Why, how many eyes have you? I can only see two," said Tom.

"Each of these little holes is a perfect eye, and there are about seven thousand of them; and I can see clearly with each one, so that I have no need to turn my head."

"That is why it is so hard to catch you," said Tom; "and when I bring my hand up behind you, you always see it."

"Exactly so."

"I wish I had such eyes," said Tom, "so that I could see all ways at once."

"You can easily pick them up," said the fly. "I picked mine up."

"Oh! what a whopper!" exclaimed Tom.

"You may well say so," replied the fly. "I only said that to try whether you would believe it."

"Then where did you get them from?" asked Tom.

"We'll talk of that by-and-by," said the fly.

Then the fly pushed out his tongue at Tom, which quite frightened him, so that he did not remember what he was told about that wonderful tongue ; and the fly was telling Tom some curious things about how he breathed, and showed him some strange holes through different parts of his body which he used for this purpose. And then, looking earnestly at the boy, he said, "Tom, I have told you about my wings, and my feet, and my eyes, and that is enough for you to think about this time. Promise me that you *will* think about them."

"Indeed I will," promised Tom.

"But you have not told me how you got all these beautiful and useful things."

"Just try if you can't find that out for yourself ; and then tell me when you come here for your next lesson."

"I believe I know now," said Tom. And as he spoke, the fly suddenly disappeared, and Tom sprang up. The first thing he did was to place his hand to his eye, for the microscope. It was not there. "How is this?" he was beginning to ask rather angrily, when he found that he had been asleep, and had had a dream.

Now Tom learned something from this dream ; for it set him thinking, and he soon found out that even a fly is "fearfully and wonderfully made," and is a perfect master-piece of the "All-Master" hand. The wisest man in the world, he knew, could not make a fly ; indeed, none but the All-wise and All-powerful could. The fly is God's handiwork, not to be rivalled by even the grandest work of man's hand. And when Tom thought about this, and asked questions about it, he soon left off thoughtless, cruel practices, and became a "boy in earnest," one who delights to trace the finger of God in all the creatures

around him, and not less in all the events that happen in life. And his heart warms with gratitude for the lesson ; and he now loves to sit at the feet of the "Great Teacher" and to hear him discourse of the ravens and the sparrows, of the vine and of the lily ; and when he hears that Teacher speak of the "fields white unto harvest," he prays that he, in his small way, may be sent "a laborer into the harvest." And thus, filled with admiration of all the wonders of creation, and with love and reverence of the "wonder-working God" who is the Creator of all, he warmly exclaims with the poet, —

"In every creature, Lord, I own Thy power,
In each event Thy providence adore :
Thy promises shall cheer my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and Thy tear control."

For the Dayspring.

LITTLE BOTTLES.*

BY ELMER LYNNDÉ.



T was really a very grand party that Fred and Lill were invited to, an entirely different kind from any they had ever been invited to before, and if they had not been at the hotel boarding, it is not likely their sensible mamma would have allowed them to go.

This is the way it happened : Their papa had some business in New York, and so they had all come on together, and were to stay two or three weeks with him, after which mamma and the two children were to go on to New England, and spend the summer in the old homestead.

While at the hotel papa had run across

* This little story is founded on fact. Only recently in a New York hotel a children's party was given, and each little guest was supplied with a miniature bottle of wine.

an old friend who had been there a couple of months with his wife and boy.

The time had nearly come for this family to leave, but before their departure they determined to make a splendid party for all the boys and girls in the house.

Fred and Lill had not been accustomed to attend any but afternoon parties, — the only kind suitable for children, their mamma thought; but she decided, for this once, to indulge them; and they were highly delighted, and looked forward to having the gayest, grandest time they had ever known.

"What will you wear, Lill?" said Fred. "I think mamma ought to get you a new yellow silk and some red roses for your hair, don't you? 'cause that would be jolly; and I guess, at the party, you'll have to leave off your baby white dress, and look like other girls. Frank Lansing says its going to be stunning."

"Well, I don't care if it is," said Lill, who was two years younger than her brother, but had almost reached her ninth year, "I shall wear whatever mamma thinks best, you know she does not want us to care too much for dress."

"As for me," said Fred, who was showing the effect of new influences and associations, "I am determined to dress like a gentleman; and if I cannot have a new suit, I must be enough like the other fellows as to have a white satin necktie, and all the fixins."

The longed-for night at last arrived, but it was with a somewhat heavy heart that Mrs. Wilmot dressed Lill in simple white, and tied Master Fred's satin necktie. She almost felt as if they were going out of childhood, and were growing old all of a sudden.

The papas and mammas were not invited to be present until the arrival of the supper

hour; and then what a fairy scene burst upon them!

But before this several pieces of music had kept the little tired feet tripping backwards and forwards for a couple of hours, with the exception of the little fanning and the little promenading, so as to make it as much as possible like a big people's party.

When the band struck up a march, and two by two walked the little men and women into the beautiful dining-room, and when the grand doors were thrown open, this is the way it looked to the really grown-up people.

The windows were hung with pale green silk curtains, which were always kept for *fêtes*; green silk hangings were also on the walls; and at one end of the immense room was a platform almost covered with great palms and ferns, in the centre of which was a bright sparkling fountain that gave an air of refreshing coolness to the room. There were two long tables elegantly decorated with flowers, and laid on each delicate green plate was a tiny bouquet of lovely rosebuds. But how many of the fathers and mothers shuddered at what they saw in front of each plate. It was a little bottle of champagne, and the parents thought of their innocent boys and girls beginning then to drink the glass which might lead to such dreadful consequences.

The children had been highly delighted at the sight of the cunning little bottles, and some of the boys were quite ready to pour out the ruby wine into the tiny wine-glasses before they had tasted a mouthful of anything else.

The gentleman who had given the party, and who was fond of wine himself; and believed in bringing his boy up to drink it moderately, thinking it would prevent desire for anything stronger, was amazed at

the silence that greeted the sight of the little wine-bottles.

As soon as they recovered from their astonishment, there was considerable whispering among the fathers and mothers, and at last, just as Fred was wondering whether he ought to drink the wine or not, Mr. Wilmot came forward and said :—

“ In the name of the fathers and mothers present I would thank the host for his efforts to give the children so much pleasure, but feeling as we do the dangers and temptations that beset our children on every hand, frequently through the wine-cup, I would ask that every bottle and wine-glass may be removed from the table.”

Mr. Lansing bowed and gave the order, and the wine and glasses disappeared in a moment.

The children looked quite surprised at what was going on, and some of the older boys rather felt — poor ignorant boys that they were !— that they had been cheated out of something; but the supper went on, and the creams and ices, and lots of other good things soon made them all forget that any thing had been taken away.

There were many little tired children tossing in their beds that night at the hotel, and there were some very earnest prayers offered by their parents that the temptation of that night might not be the means of leading their young feet astray.

WHEN you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

OUR principles are the springs of our actions, and our actions are the springs of our happiness or misery.

ALWAYS be good-natured, if you can. A few drops of oil will do more to start the most stubborn machinery than rivers of vinegar.

GRACE AND FIDO.

Do you see that pretty little girl in the picture ? Her name is Grace. Would you like to know what she is doing ? She is trying to draw a picture of her dog, who is fast asleep in the large arm-chair.

Two years ago last summer, Grace went with mamma to visit her grandpa, who lives in the country. Grandpa kept a great many animals, and the little girl was very fond of them; but best of all she loved Jean, the dog, and her two pups, Dan and Fido.

When the time came for Grace to go home she felt very sorry, but when grandpa made her a present of Fido, she was no longer sad.

“ Is he my very own, and may I take him to my home ? ” said she.

“ Yes,” said grandpa, “ I give this little dog to you, for I know you will take good care of him.”

And Grace does take care of Fido; she never forgets to feed him when meal time comes, and she always treats him kindly. I think he would not know what to do without his little mistress.

We will now bid the little girl good-by. I am sorry we cannot wait to see the picture. Let us hope it will look very much like her pet.

L. L. B.



GRACE DRAWING A PICTURE OF FIDO.

For the Dayspring.

DOT'S PARTY.



WHEN Dot Logan was six years old her mamma gave her a party. Dot wrote the invitations herself, or at least she began to. This is the way they read :

YOU AR ASKED TO MY
PARTTY.

DOT LOGAN.

Now Dot's hands were much more used to dressing dolls or rolling a hoop than to holding a pencil, and by the time she had finished two, she thought she would go and get mamma to help her. "Why, Dot," said mamma, "you haven't said what day the party is to be, nor what time of the day."

"Oh," said Dot, "I thought I could tell them that when I gave them the notes."

"Very well," said her mother, "then the invitations may just as well be wholly verbal."

"What is verbal?" said Dot.

"In spoken words: this is a written invitation, but if you go and ask the children yourself, that will be a verbal invitation."

"Well, I guess I will have them verbal," said Dot, pleased with the new word.

So that was one important matter settled. The next was how many and whom to invite. "I don't think I'll have any boys," said Dot; "boys are bothers. They'll want to play black-man, they'll pull off the girl's hats and spoil all the fun."

"Just as you like, my dear, this is your party. Only you must not make the mistake of thinking that all boys are like Jack Whipple, and that all are rude and noisy because he likes to tease you."

Finally, the list was complete, and after dinner Dot started out to see the twenty little girls whose names were upon it. The first one was Fannie Allen.

"O, Fannie," she said, "I'm going to have a party, and this is a wordal imputation for you and Sallie to come."

"A what?" said Fannie's mother.

"A wordal imputation," said Dot. "That's what mamma said it was when I came myself instead of writing."

"Oh, yes, a verbal invitation," said Mrs. Allen, laughing.

"Do you want Freddie to come too?" said Fannie.

"Will he laugh at the dolls, or pull Kitty Comet's tail, or hurt my little sister?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Allen, "Freddie isn't that kind of a boy. He's a little gentleman."

"Well, then, bring Freddie too," said Dot. "It's to-morrow and it's three o'clock."

It was pretty much the same everywhere. All the little girls were glad to come themselves, and a good many of them wanted to bring their brothers or boy cousins. And that was the way it happened that this little girl, who hadn't any brothers herself and was always sorry for those who had, after all invited a good many of these "bothers" to her party.

The next day was as bright and pleasant as any one could wish. All the morning mamma was busy in the kitchen, baking cakes, chopping ham for the sandwiches, and getting the dishes ready for the ice cream. Grandma made lace bags, and Dot filled them with candy herself, counting every piece to make sure that all were treated just alike. And so by three o'clock everything was ready and the company had begun to come. Nearly every one brought

a bunch of flowers or a picture-book or some little toy, until Dot was quite overcome with surprise and joy over her new riches, for this was something she had not looked for at all.

Then the games began. While the sun was warm they played in the house ; first, Drop the Handkerchief, and then Rachel and Jacob. This they all enjoyed very much. Harry White was blindfolded for Jacob, and Mary Weston was Rachel. The rest formed a ring about them, and then Mary called " Jacob, Jacob," at the same time running to another part of the circle and calling from there again " Jacob, Jacob," so that the sound of her voice came first from one place and then from another, and kept Harry running back and forth trying to catch her before she could get away after speaking. Finally he succeeded, and the handkerchief was put around Rachel's eyes, and she chose Charlie Frost for Jacob and he called " Rachel, Rachel " in the same way until he was caught. It was a very safe and pretty way of playing " Blind Man's Buff," because the ring of people kept any one from being hurt against the walls or falling over the furniture. But what pleased me most about it was what Charlie Frost did when it came his turn to choose a Rachel. Charlie was one of the oldest in the room, about ten I should think, a handsome, well-dressed, manly little fellow. I expected to see him take Ida Belknap, who was about his age, and had her hair crimped, and bracelets on her arms and flowers at her throat ; or some of the little girls in Swiss dresses and gay sashes. But instead of that he went straight up to little Nora Berry, who wore a calico dress and shoes well blacked but nearly out at the toes, and not a ribbon or a posy about her, giving her his hand and leading her into the ring as if she had been

a little princess. I knew what Charlie did that for. He was thinking more of others' pleasure than his own, and he chose Nora so that she might enter into the fun, and not feel strange or neglected if she did look less fine than the rest. I saw Dot's mother look at her and smile, and Dot nodded in return as much as to say, " I like Charlie for doing that."

Some of the children wanted Mrs. Logan to tell them a story. " Well," she said, " I will tell you one which is both a game and a story. It is old, for I used to play it myself when I was a little girl, but that was so long ago that it may be new to you. It is called Stage-coach. You will all take your seats, and I shall go round and whisper in each one's ear the name of something which belongs to a stage-coach or its passengers. Then I shall stand up and tell a story bringing in all of these names, and whenever any one hears the word that has been given him, he must jump up, turn round and take his seat ; whenever I say " Stage-coach " every one must turn round, and when I say " The stage-coach upset," everybody must leave his seat and run to another. As I shall take a seat, too, there will be one person left without a chair, and that person will have to tell the next story."

So Mrs. Logan went round and whispered " whip," " wheels," " driver," " baby," " dog," " kitten," a different name, but something, to each one. Then she told this story, speaking very fast, and keeping the little folks busy hopping and whirling all over the room. " One dark night a *stage-coach* started out over a rough road, to the next village. The passengers were a *woman* with a *baby*, a *blind man* and his *dog*, and a *little girl*, carrying a *kitten* in a *basket*. The *driver* called, ' All aboard,' cracked his *whip*, and off they started. The road was very rough ; first the *wheels*

on one side of the road went into a rut, and then the *wheels* on the other side, and then the *stage-coach* ran over a stone. This bumped the *little girl* off her seat, which let the *kitten* out of the *basket*, which made the *little dog* bark, which waked the *baby* and made it cry, which frightened the *horses*. The *horses* began to run, the *driver* lost his seat, the *axle-tree* broke, the *lynch-pin* came out, the *wheels* came off, and THE STAGE-COACH UPSET."

Such a scrambling for seats as there was, and such fun and laughter, when they found that Mrs. Logan herself had forgotten her own game, and in watching the rush hadn't taken any seat herself, and had to tell another story!

After awhile, as it began to grow cooler they went out on the lawn, some to play croquet, and others to walk under the trees or swing in the big swing.

Dot Logan's swing was the admiration of every boy and girl in the town. It was made of a large and heavy rope with a board big enough to hold two; and it hung from a very tall, strong frame, so that you could swing ever so high. The croquet-ground was near the swing; and that was how this happened that I am going to tell you about, and which came near making Dot's party one of the saddest stories I could have told you.

Charlie Frost, Ida Belknap, Fannie Allen, and Harry White were playing croquet, while Dot and some of the smaller children stood looking on, and finding their fun in running after the balls and bringing them back when they were driven out of bounds. Charlie and Ida had taken their balls through all the wickets and were rovers. To keep them from hitting the stake and winning the game, Harry White, from the other end of the ground, gave his ball a tremendous blow, which sent it tearing

along as though it never intended to stop. Dot shouted, clapped her hands, and started after it, not looking at anything else, and never thinking of the swing in which two of the largest girls were being borne along towards her, pushed by a pair of strong arms from behind. Mrs. Logan was just coming out of the kitchen-door with a basket of cake, for they were to have their supper, picnic style, upon the lawn. She saw it all at a glance,—the little girl bounding along, full of life and glee, right across where the great swing with its heavy burden was coming so swiftly that no one could stop it. Her face grew white with fear; she tried to call, but her lips made no sound; she was too far off to reach the child, whom it seemed as though nothing could save from instant death. But Charlie Frost had seen the danger too; dropping his mallet, he sprang after Dot, reaching her just in time to throw her and himself upon the ground, while the swing passed safely over their heads. It was all the work of a moment. The swing returned and was stopped, the children gathered round, and in less time than I have taken to tell it, Mrs. Logan had Dot in her arms, laughing and crying and kissing her all at once. Dot herself was the calmest one in the party; she did not know quite what had happened and wondered why every one was petting her and praising Charlie for this rough sort of a tumble. When she had satisfied everybody that she was not in the least hurt, it was all explained to her, and then she was as anxious as the rest to show her admiration of Charlie's courage and presence of mind.

After this, of course, no one could talk of anything else; all had to tell what *they* were doing when it happened, what *they* thought, and how *they* felt, until you could hardly have told who had done the most.

All but Charlie : he had nothing to say about his part in the affair ; indeed, I don't think he could have told what he thought ; he had acted on a brave, quick impulse, without stopping to think of himself at all. To tell the truth, he did not like to hear so much praise of himself, and was the first to propose a new game.

Presently they were called to supper. They ate it, seated in groups on the grass, while the warm summer sun, sinking to rest behind the big trees, spread long, cool shadows around them. There were plenty of nice things for all to eat, and candy and oranges to be taken to the little brothers and sisters at home. There was less noise and laughter perhaps than at first, for the great event of the afternoon had quieted them somewhat, but I think they were just as happy. At any rate they assured Dot as they said " Good-night " and gave her an extra squeeze, that they had had a *splendid* time, and the wish that she might have " many happy returns of the day," was spoken with a new meaning from thinking how near this had come to being her last birthday.

" Well, Dot," said her mother, when all the little folks had gone, " are boys bothers, do you think ? "

" I'll never say that again," said Dot ; for although she was a very little girl, she was a very sensible one, and she realized that one little boy had risked his own life to save hers that afternoon.

" I am glad you have learned, my dear, that not all boys are rude and thoughtless, but that it is possible for even quite a small one to be manly and self-denying and brave. You noticed how Charlie chose Nora Berry in the game because he wanted to see her happy and comfortable ; he did not swing at all, because there were so many others that wanted to ; he took

the broken mallet in croquet, and at supper helped me to wait on table. When a boy does things like this we call him *chivalrous*, for that is a word which means whatever is brave and courteous and self-denying. It is because Charlie is this in all the little affairs of life that made it possible for him to do the great thing this afternoon. If he had stopped to think of the danger to himself, it would have been too late, and I should not have had my little girl here for the good-night kiss which I see by her sleepy eyes, she is longing to give me now.

A. B. MC. M.

For The Dayspring.

" HERE A LITTLE, THERE A LITTLE."

A KIND word is a little thing,
Yet night would darkened be,
Without the tiny stars far set,
That twinkle cheerfully.

A little patience is not much
For any heart to give :
Do we not all God's patience need,
While on the earth we live ?

A little charity to all,
If thoughtful, we may show :
A gen'rous mantle, lined with light,
O'er shadowed lives to throw.

Kind words, and patience, charity,
Bound in love's circlet bright,
As stars set in life's clouded sky
Will shine in darkest night.

A. D. D.

WHEN a fault is discovered in any one, it is well to look up a virtue to keep it company.

It is one of the beautiful compensations of life that no one can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

* For The Dayspring.

CHARLIE'S JOB.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

"Oh, mamma!" said Charlie D., "I've got a job!" Charlie was only nine years old, and his mother wondered what kind of a job her little man had secured. "I must be up," continued he, "and ready for business by seven o'clock to-morrow morning, for I told the man I would be there sure."

"What man do you mean, my dear boy?" said his mamma.

"Why, the man down at the blacksmith shop," said Charlie. "He has promised to give me a dollar a day to blow the bellows for him. I can earn money enough to get me a new suit of clothes before Christmas. I told him I would come. Won't that be grand for a little boy like me, mamma?"

"Well, Charlie," said his mother, "I'm afraid the man is only in fun. Don't you think he means to fool you?"

"No," said Charlie, "he ain't that kind of a man."

"Well, my son, you may try it."

Charlie went to bed early that night, dreamed of a forge with a big fire on it, and away back of the fire, somewhere in dreamland, he could see a small boy walking about in a suit of navy-blue. The coat was made to button up all the way down. A nice pair of fur-tipped gloves were on the boy's hands, and he wore in his new necktie a horseshoe pin, with a bit of glass in it that shone like a diamond. He was telling his mamma how lucky he was to get that job, and that he meant to be a blacksmith, and have a shop of his own, when he got to be a man.

Just as the little boy that he saw in his dream was saying that he meant, when he

got to be a man, to take his papa in as a partner with him, Charlie heard a voice saying, "Come, little boy, breakfast is ready; you know you've got a job, don't you?" A spring from the bed, a jump into a pair of pantaloons, a twist of the suspenders, a hasty plunge of finger ends into the wash-bowl, a rub of the face, and a quick wipe, followed by a brisk use of a comb and hair-brush, and Charlie took his seat at the table. Of course, in about five minutes he had swallowed all the breakfast he wanted.

An hour after, as she was watering the house-plants, his mother was startled by the sudden entrance of Charlie. If he was not a young blacksmith, he was at least as black as a young negro.

"Oh, mamma!" said he, "it's too bad!"

"What is too bad, my son?"

"Oh, I've lost my job. The man said I wasn't big enough to blow, and then the other men in the shop all laughed. He said I would have to eat a pile of pudding and milk, for that would make me grow; and then the men all laughed again. I do say it's too bad, for he told me he would give me a dollar a day, and I thought I'd got a real good job."

"But what makes you look so pale, my boy?" said mamma. "Are you sick?"

"Well, I was real sick, but I'm better now. I'm almost over it."

"What made you sick, dear?"

"Well," said Charlie, "the bad man that fooled me told me I must take a chew of tobacco, and he said it would help make a man of me, and in a little while I could blow a good deal harder. And then, when it made me sick and dizzy, some of the men asked me if I knew how to make rail fence."

"Well, my boy," said his mamma,

"I am sorry for your disappointment. But I hope now you will never be induced to chew tobacco again."

"No, mamma, I won't," said Charlie.

"And then I hope, dear boy, this disappointment has shown you how mean it was not to speak the truth; for that man told you a lie. You won't be like any of those men when you are grown up, will you?"

You ought to have seen Charlie as he answered, "No, I guess I won't."

His mother looked at him very affectionately for a moment, and then said, "You meant well, Charlie, when you made your little contract to blow the bellows, and I know you won't be misled again by any bad man who finds fun in such a sight as a little boy made sick by tobacco, as you were to-day."

Christmas came, and as Charlie looked in the glass on that day he saw a suit of navy-blue. The coat was buttoned up all the way down. There were a pair of fur-tipped gloves, and a pretty necktie, with a horseshoe pin in it. Who do you think was in that pretty suit? He likes the clothes, but has business in the next room if any thing is said about chewing tobacco or blowing the bellows.

A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market.

SERVE God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit.

THE silent eye is often a more powerful conqueror than the noisy tongue.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

NEVER be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

For the Dayspring.

THREE GEESE.

A TRUE STORY.

MARIE COLMAN, a little girl about six years old, lived with her father and mother on a farm in the country. They had nearly all kinds of animals, and Marie was very fond of them.

Having quite a large pond back of the house, Mr. Colman sent for some goose-eggs. Black Cap, a quiet, sober-minded hen, wanting to set at that time, the eggs were given to her, Marie helping.

When the four weeks were almost over, Marie went every day with her mother to see if there was a little gosling. Three mornings, and nothing but the eggs; but on the fourth, her patience was rewarded. When Black Cap was lifted up, sure enough, there were three of the softest, yellowest, downiest little bunches one ever saw. Two of them were bright and smart, but the third did not seem very well; so Mrs. Colman carried him into the house, rolled him in flannel, and set him in a basket by the fire.

Pretty soon Marie coaxed to take him out and see how he was getting along. After looking at him a few minutes, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, mamma, what a funny bill!" In a second more, "Oh, mamma, his toes are all fastened together! Shan't I get the scissors and trim them out?"

Mamma explained that they were made so on purpose. "They could not swim if their toes were cut apart."

"How soon will he swim?" eagerly questions Marie.

"When he is two or three weeks old," answered mamma.

After looking at the curious feet some time, Marie put him carefully in the basket again, but evidently not quite satisfied,

for every few minutes during the day she would come and take another peep at him.

Black Cap cared for the little goslings as well as she knew how, not seeming to notice that they were not chickens, until one morning Marie found her by the pond in great distress. There were her children away out on the water; and, with all the talking she could do, they would not come back.

Marie was delighted, for she had watched every day to see them swim. The queer feet were still a mystery, until mamma came out and told her that the goslings used their feet to push the water, just as papa did the oars in the boat.

All the summer, the trials of the poor old hen, and the funny actions of her charges, were a constant amusement for Marie.

In the fall, the little yellow, downy balls had grown to be great, uncouth geese, continually marching, one behind the other, from the pond to the farm-yard, crying, "Quack, quack, quack."

As they grew older, they got to be so cross that Marie could not go out alone without being seized by one or two of them. They would take hold of her dress with their bill, and then furiously flap their wings. They frightened her so much, and were so much trouble, that Mr. Colman decided to sell them.

When Mr. Smith came and carried them off, Marie said she never wanted to see any more geese.

M. N.

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THE Series of Sunday-School Lessons on the Life of Jesus is now complete, and can be had in a neatly bound volume.

Puzzles.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My whole is a word dear to Americans.

- My first is in slow but not in fast;
- My second is in first but not in last;
- My third is in boy but not in girl;
- My fourth is in tress but not in curl;
- My fifth is in earth but not in sea;
- My sixth is in ant but not in bee;
- My seventh is in you but not in me.

EASY DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a long, pointed weapon and leave a fruit.
2. Behead a sly animal and leave a beast of burden.
3. Behead an early bird and leave a ship mentioned in the Bible.
4. Behead a wild beast and leave a part of his head.
5. Behead a seat and leave an instrument for labor.
6. Behead a vessel and leave part of the body.
7. Behead an article of wearing-apparel and leave a farmer's implement.
8. Behead a fish and leave a rabble.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

G	e	M
E	ffend	I
O	l	D
R	o	D
G	rue	L
E	agl	E
E	l	M
L	aur	A
I	dle	R
O	pti	C
T	hrus	H

EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. Cable, able. 2. Seat, eat. 3. Bear, ear. 4. Orange, range.

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